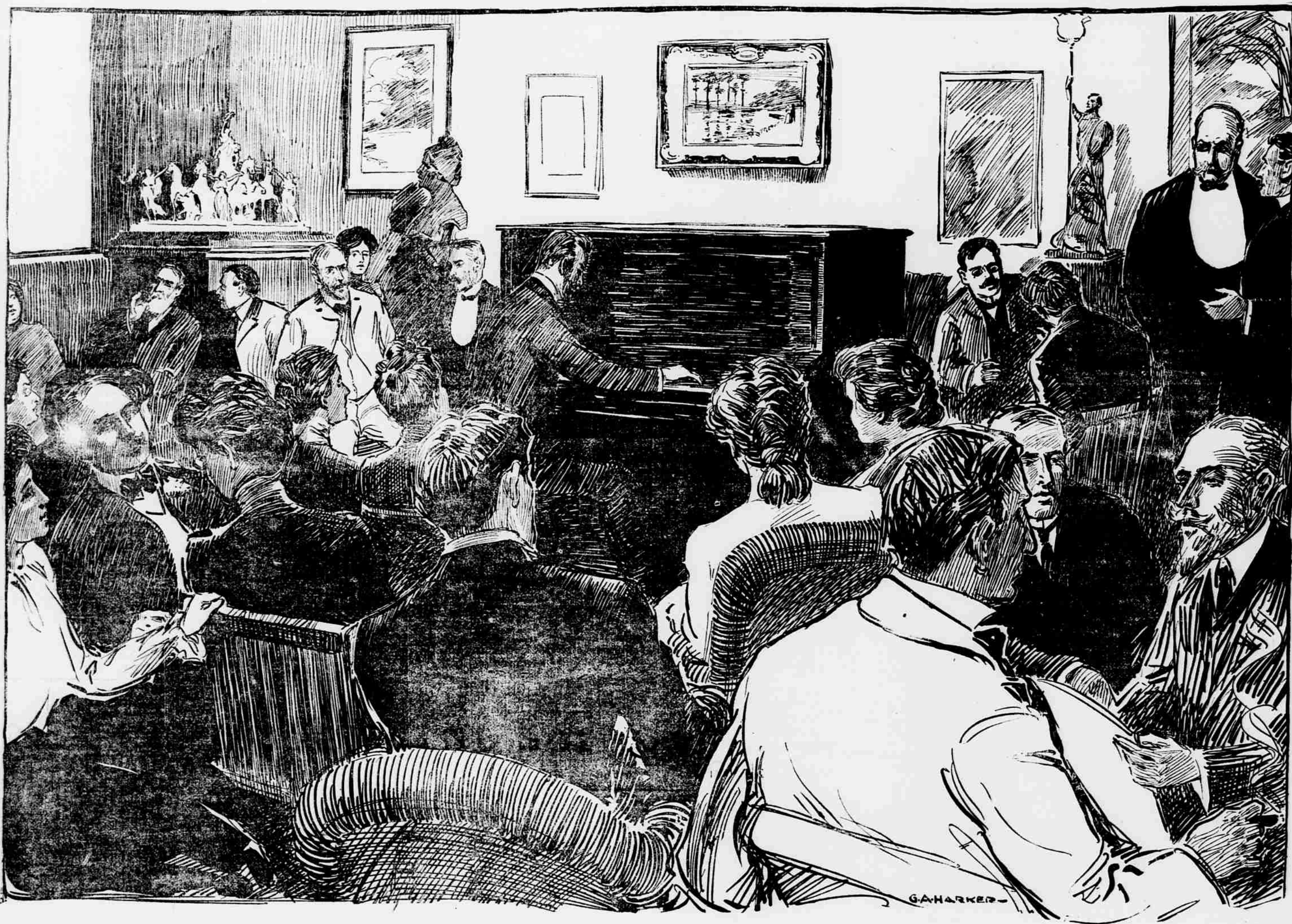


# AN "AT HOME" OF THE ARTIST'S GUILD

WAGNERIAN MUSIC THE THEME OF THE EVENING—ALFRED ERNST ILLUSTRATES THE MOTIFS OF "PARSIFAL"—WASSILI VERESTCHAGIN AND HIS CONCEPTION OF ART—SUCCESS OF MISS SHARMAN AND MISS HAZARD AS CHEFS.



WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Paris has its Latin Quarter, but St. Louis has its Artists' Guild.

The Quarter is labeled and labeled far and wide as a delightful place where people, licensed by a something remote called the artistic temperament, do all the things which they should not do.

The Guilders also are known in their ways—some as painters, some as sculptors, some as architects, some as having tried and failed to be one or all these things. As a body, they are famed the city through for knowing how to enjoy themselves when they meet together twice each month.

Many Guilders have lived in the Quarter. But, if they ever were incited with the idea that they were thrilled and filled with that tongue-twister, the artistic temperament, they have since had experience sufficient to stare the horrible fact in the face without winking.

For it's not much of a trick to have the temperament, and it's been a matter of common observation that the fellow with most temperament was least inclined to work.

The Guilders are American enough to adopt the modern-day policy of avoiding entangling abstractions. Evidence of the truth of this assertion is that the masculine Guilder does not wear his hair abnormally long, twist his mustache the wrong way, or dress in clothes of outlandish cut. Neither does the feminine Guilder endeavor to be a walking poster. It is true, that one man pokes in his hat on all four sides, producing a most extraordinary effect; that another puts on his oldest coat whenever he puts in his appearance, socially; and that a third is so reticent about giving his address that it is impossible to send him due bills. But these things may be attributed to slight aberrations.

## An Organization Representing Artist Community of St. Louis.

Of course, the Guild is the organization representing the artist community in St. Louis. This community has struggled along heretofore, and from small beginnings, has developed into a body of some influence. It was by no means an easy road to travel. Though the growth of commerce made many millionaires, the men of money seemed little inclined to buy pictures. The latter cloud, which has hung threatening on the horizon of artist life in St. Louis, has not altogether vanished. Even at this late date, Mr. Man-of-Money generally prefers chrome to genuine art works for the decoration of his wall space. But—just to show the excellent taste of the Guilders—because of this discouraging fact, no tendency toward unwhimsical socialism has developed. On the contrary, the Guilders feel very sorry for and sympathetic with Mr. Man-of-Money. "Poor fellow," say they,

"he don't know what's good for him. He must be educated."

St. Louis artists first banded together as the St. Louis Sketch Club. This organization did not exist in 1885, and was succeeded by the Guild. The latter is simply a business organization, existing by virtue of the old truism which holds that in union there is strength. Yearly, or twice a year, the Guild members give exhibitions. For these events the Guilders make great preparation, shouting from the housetops the news of the great event to be. At such times there is much plotting to entrap Mr. Man-of-Money into attending the exhibition, in the charitable expectation that he may be won from his chrome. So there is need for a chairman at all meetings. Motions are made and seconded, a la Cushing. But, if business there must be, mix it with pleasure is the philosophy of artists.

The Guilders are not all painters, sculptors or architects. Some are only charming, which attribute is held in the Guild as the finest of the fine arts. Some belong to the unfortunate class called writers. Others are actors. Some are musicians and one or two, mostly of the feminine persuasion, are philosophers and shine at the Wednesday Club.

All Guilders Have an Appreciation of Art.

It is a foregone conclusion that these various men and women are Guilders because, to a greater or less extent, they have an appreciation and understanding of art. Assuredly, but the Guilders object to platitudes on the subject. "The Beautiful," of which people sometimes converse in a reverent way, is a conjunction of words which is well enough when you first read the line. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." But it has been slightly overdone. The Guilders are apt to laugh right heartily when some yearling says that there is a chord in his soul which has stirred him to a realization of the sublimity of the beautiful.

There is an old conundrum which is apropos to the Guilders. The question, "What is the keynote to good manners?" The reply, "Be natural." So say the Guilders at all times. "Be natural and behave." It is paradoxical advice, but there is a paradoxical member of the Guild, who says that this phrase will do only for circulation outside the Guild, as it has no application within it.

As has been said, the Guilders meet twice a month. These meetings are held at the studio of Robert P. Brinkman, the sculptor. The members assemble for 7 o'clock dinner. Always some special feature of amusement is provided for the evening, but never a formal programme. "The horror of horrors is formality," so say the Guilders.

These dinners are unique. They are prepared under the direction of a "chef," in the truly aristocratic method. The "chef," however, is always a Guildier—a feminine Guildier or a Guildier's wife—which is an honor to the chef. The tables are set in the rear of the studio. When the chef has all in readiness, the portieres are thrown back and the Guilders are invited to eat.

They find seats where they can, eat what they can and drink some. Then they either amuse the others, or play the important role of audience to those Guilders who are likely to be witty in public.

## Some Well Known Members of the Society.

There are enough of these talking Guilders to keep the ball rolling in good shape. Mr. George Blackman can always find an objection to any suggestion made, or else can always make a suggestion. Mr. Brinkman, though not a leading talker, generally emerges from a dark corner with some very practical remarks when a brightness proposition is up. Mr. Paul Harney can always tell a good story, if he will. Mr. Will Schuyler can say good things once in awhile. Mr. Mulgardi can look handsome, always. Jack Cunningham has several stunts in his repertoire, and is "willing." Halley C. Ives has his five digit for any proposition under the sun. William M. Reedy can laugh loudly, and talk to the point. And "there are others."

At the last meeting Verestchagin, the Russian painter of war scenes, was guest of honor, and Wagnerian music was the "theme" of the evening. Misses Sharmen and Hazard, both of whom "sculpt," were chefs, and, in the opinion of the Guilders, did exceedingly well.

Some sage Guildier, a good many years ago, introduced a rule of procedure for the Guild meetings, which is in force to this day. It is simply, that every visitor or new member, when he has been elected for the first time, be required, as the price of

entertainment, either to dance a dance, sing a song, make a speech or tell a story. So, when the chefs had been unanimously thanked, Professor Krieger, who was acting chairman, rose and called upon Verestchagin. Will Schuyler leaned forward in expectation, and Miss Florence Hayward, enconcealed in a corner, prepared to listen through a lorgnette.

Verestchagin, in appearance, is a venerable, kindly man, with a flowing white beard, a prominent nose and deepest, inquiring eyes. His short talk pleased all, because it was his honest expression. He spoke of his paintings and of his conception of art. His ideas were at variance with the opinions of the other artists present, but did not jar. He made one think of the most eminent Russian, Tolstol, perhaps because of a personal resemblance. As an artist, his viewpoint seems to be about that of Tolstol when he wrote "Anna Karalina."

After Verestchagin had concluded, one of the lady Guilders whispered to her dinner partner: "He's a dear." The remark was almost a characterization.

Ex-Congressman Noonan of Chicago, who is accompanying Verestchagin upon his American tour, told two good stories, which would have been better had they not too pointedly advertised the time that Mr. Noonan was in Congress. Mr. W. B. Ittner, Commissioner of School Buildings, then accomplished the extraordinary feat of making a speech, telling a story and singing a song. In his speech, he endorsed

Verestchagin's theory of the art of painting, whereas the latter rose, walked around and shook hands with Mr. Ittner amid the plaudits of the Guilders. It developed that Mr. Ittner's song had no connection with Wagner, which fact raised a discussion as to whether or not it should be tolerated. Some Guilders wished to defer the Wagnerian thunder as long as possible, while others called for the thunder at once. The outcome was that Mr. Ittner sang three of the four verses of his song.

## Mr. Ernest Tells of the Beauties of Parsifal.

Alfred Ernst, the Choral-Symphony director, had undertaken to serve up Wagner with a side dish of elucidation and explanation. He particularized on "Parsifal," the beautiful story of the Holy Grail. He illustrated the "motifs" and then rendered the score. It is needless to speak of Mr. Ernst's power to please as a musician. The "Parsifal" was such a treat as the Guilders have not enjoyed for many a day. But Mr. Ernst is one person, and the thundering Wagner—though, comparatively speaking, the thunders are lacking in "Parsifal"—is another person. Wagner could not claim rapt admiration of all the Guilders. Eugene Field's impressions of Wagner opera had been unearthed and were read. Field's description of the "little pale man," who managed the "boomerang-lungen," which is not an animal but an instrument, gave everybody a chance to laugh.

Mr. Amman then read another humorous

interpretation of Wagner. This reading was illustrated on the piano by Professor Krieger.

The company had now eaten, heard a famous man talk, and tasted real music and

travesty. The hour was late, and all rose to go their various ways. For all good things must come to an end sooner or later. So say the Guilders: "Thus it is and ever shall be."

## MR. AND MRS. W. P. BOONE OF PIKE COUNTY, RELATIVES OF DANIEL BOONE, OBSERVE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR WEDDING



WILLIAM P. BOONE.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic. Louisiana, Mo., Feb. 22.—In Pike County now live six couples who have celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. The sixth couple to achieve this distinction is Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Boone of Clarksville. They celebrated their fiftieth anniversary of their wedding at their home last Thursday by a reunion of the family to the third generation.

Mr. Boone is a near relative of Daniel Boone, the famous pioneer, and was born in Mayville, Ky., January 24, 1825. His parents were among the earliest settlers of Pike County, coming here in 1829. He lived on a farm until the gold excitement broke out in California. In 1850 he and his brother, Colonel D. D. Boone, joined an expedition to the Golden Gate State and made the trip from here in four months and seventeen days. They used ox teams to haul their supplies, the loads of which were so heavy that they walked every step of the way rather than burden their teams with their own weight. But few men now living have had such an experience, and Mr. Boone's experiences in the course of that memorable walk across the plains are worth hearing. The trip was very successful in point of gain of gold. He returned to Missouri the next year and took up farming in Lincoln County. In 1882 he was married to Mrs. Catherine Stallard, who was born February 1, 1835. To them nine children



MRS. W. P. BOONE.

MEYER STALLARD BOONE have been born, eight of whom, six girls and two boys, are living.

Just after the war Mr. Boone went into the mercantile business, but soon quit that to embark in the manufacture of tobacco, in which business he has been very successful.

A Bump of Locality. Teacher: "If you face the North, directly behind you will be South, on your right hand will be East, and on your left hand West. (Seeing a lack of attention on the part of Bobby, and wishing to catch him) What is on your left hand, Bobby?" Bobby (in deep confusion): "Please, it's some tar, an' it won't come off."

Captured. Mabel: "I suppose you have heard of sister Lou's marriage. She's taken a flat in Kensington."

Miss Jellus: "Yes, I heard she had a flat; but I didn't hear where she had taken him."

## "DON'T TOUCH" SOCIETY PROPOSED.

When President Roosevelt became a member of the "Don't Knock" Society it immediately sprang into prominence and popularity. Now, another order is suggested among similar lines, to be called the "Don't Touch" Society. If President Roosevelt, King Edward or some other individual of conspicuous strength and popularity would lend a helping hand to the "Don't Touchers" they would no doubt soon outnumber the "Don't Knockers."

The "Don't Touch" order is designed to serve the twofold purpose of restraining chronic borrowers and protecting those who belong to the "easy thing" class, and who are the chronic victims of the chronic borrowers. The constitution and detailed work of the order have not become public, but a general outline of the work may be given.

In order to become a member of the "Don't Touch" Society several obligations are required. Each member pledges himself never to loan money to any one and never to ask or accept a loan of money from another member of the organization, and never to borrow from an outsider under any conditions

except those of the most pressing and imperative character. In case a member does make a loan it must be reported to the order, and if the conditions under which the loan was procured are not fully approved by the "Penalty Committee," the member making the loan is required to pay into the treasury of the society a heavy monthly interest on the amount loaned until the principal is paid to the outsider from whom the loan was obtained.

Like the Masonic order, the "Don't Touch" Society does not solicit members. There can be but one condition under which a person is asked to become a member, and that is that he must carry with him a certain amount of cash, which is to be used as a public exposure, through which the society hopes to achieve its greatest good. If a man is known to be a chronic borrower, any person who has suffered considerably from his borrowing may enter formal complaint against him with the society.

For illustration, suppose Brown has borrowed from Jones and has failed to pay back the loan. Jones reports the matter to the "Don't Touch" Society, and thereby, under ordinary circumstances, becomes a member upon payment of the initiation fee and by complying with the other require-

ments. But in order to reach Brown, Jones must do more than lodge his own complaint with the society. He must produce at least one other reputable person from whom Brown has borrowed money and failed to pay.

Complaint being formally made, after due consideration a private communication is sent to Brown, in which he is asked to become a member of the order. If he ignores the invitation, his name is put down among those who have declined in a similar way and this list is published.

In each city the order is to have a regular publication, and the list of those who have been asked to join the order becomes the roll of dishonor and is regularly published. The secret work of the society is said to be very interesting. The order has a benevolent provision by which members actually and honestly in need of assistance may receive it through the order, relieving them from the necessity of borrowing outside.

Each member carries a card or insignia which is an absolute proof against borrowers. He has but to exhibit that emblem and the "toucher" knows at once that under the oath of the society the possessor of the emblem can neither borrow nor lend.